

N/12

Speech	Mangokuura J.H.S	3	Chiba Sena
Title	My Mission		

Do you know Miss Taylor Anderson? She was a teacher who was always smiling. Taylor was my ALT. We were always smiling and laughing, and with Taylor there was a warm atmosphere in the classroom. Taylor showed us many pictures of her family. I could see that she really loved her family and I felt the same love that she felt for her family.

The last time I saw her was in March of last year. A great rumble came over the building. Taylor stayed to make sure all of us got away safely, but when she tried to return to her house she was swept away by the tsunami. I couldn't believe what happened that day. I couldn't find the answer why Taylor was not here.

When I became a second year in Junior High, Taylor's family came to our school. They donated many books to our library. Between Taylor's family and the many positive volunteers, I had a deep feeling in my heart. I believe that what her family did for us was marvelous. But I had a burning question. Why would her family travel to our damaged area from all the way in the United States to meet people they had never seen before, and help us way more than was needed? I have spent one year thinking about this question.

This summer, I went to America to find the answer to my question. Taylor's father raised money through the YMCA which allowed seven students the ability to come to the United States. It was a big chance for me to visit the area where Taylor grew up, and thank her parents for all the support they had given me and my people.

In America, I met Taylor's father. He said to us with a friendly smile, "Are you Taylor's students? She always talked about you and your country. And I hope you will have a lot of good experiences through this exchange."

I found the answer to my question. I spent only a very short time with Taylor, but I learned a lot of things from her. She taught us that it is important for us to live peacefully and to love our family. I think we should live together peacefully without borders, and racism. Taylor really loved Japan. She hoped to be a bridge between America and Japan in the future. I could feel her love around me when she was with us. I'll never forget her, and I'll keep her memory with me. I want to continue what Taylor started, by being a bridge between Japan and America. I want to learn English much more. I will join some activities as a volunteer myself. I will make an effort to be a good person as the bridge. This is my mission.